RELIGION

[illegible]

jocularly, that a man grows to resemble his ancestral cloak; if, for example, one man's is the eagle, his hair turns white early, whereas that of another with raven crest long preserves its blackness. Mere dubiety, in the use as a signal for attack, of a whistle imitating the cry of the leader's bird or animal. Finally, when a man whose crest is the raven hears one of these birds calling, he cries out:

"Halo, gaudaxsa [the vocative form], it is no you say."

This custom is probably due to a belief in the ability of ravens to hear news.

On the whole the animals of the Bella Coola towards living examples of their crests does not differ from that of ninglish respect and superiority with which they regard other birds and animals.

THE RAVEN

The beliefs of the Bella Coola concerning Raven differ so fundamentally from those respecting other birds and animals, that the subject must be treated separately. In the beginning of time, when *Alquntám* sent down the ancestors of the Bella Coola to this earth, he despatched Raven to be their guide and teacher. For this purpose Raven was given greater power than that granted to any other animal. He came to earth in avian form, then changed to a man, but his cloak did not then back to the bird shown as did those of the other first-comers. Raven, however, remained in the world below where he could resume it at will. *Alquntám* had instructed him to travel to all parts of the world, naming the coast of British Columbia, in order to study the arts and crafts of the inhabitants and bring back to Bella Coola those which seemed desirable. On these explorations he used to assume raven form and set off to his canoe, Tsłaxáil, which travelled without visible motive power or phenomenal speed. Owing to the power that *Alquntám* had given him, he could talk to the trees and the mountains, the birds, the animals, and the insects, as well as to the human beings he encountered on the coast.

place where he is not likely to be disturbed, and addresses the supreme god in a loud tone of voice, requesting his assistance.

Although prayers can be said at any time of the day, or at any season of the year, there are occasions when they are more potent than at other times. At dawn, for example, a wise young man is accustomed to go alone to the river to wash and pray. He enters the icy water, blows mucus over his hands, and rubs his body vigorously* either with a smooth pebble, or, if it can be obtained, with a stone taken from the stomach of a sea-lion.* As he scours himself, he asks Mondut to grant him long life, power, success, and strength. On coming from the water, he repeats his request, and then washes himself again. This process is repeated four times, making eight prayers in all. A young man who does this habitually, and in other ways observes the supreme deity, is likely to have success, and may even be given supernatural assistance by one of the many anthropomorphic or zoomorphic creatures. The underlying belief is that *Mondut* actually hears the words spoken and, almost thereby, aids the petitioner either directly, or by strengthening the supernatural elements in his body.

Mondut has power over both rain and dry weather, and is petitioned for whichever is desired. When the sun is obscured by rain clouds, the Bella Coola pray:

"Please clean your face, *Mondut*," or,

"Please show us your face, we need you."

Before a man starts on a journey, either by canoe or on foot, he always asks help for his undertaking.

"*Mondut*," he prays, "Be with me," or "Go before me," or, "Give me what I want."

Corresponding to the importance of the occasion, prayers are always made before the departure of a hunting or war

* When one bought and he washing both his body and clothing. It was believed to be applicable of these water, and undoubtedly had a religious significance, though nothing exists to substantiate any one believed such practice.

† The Bella Coola state that stones are often found in the stomachs of sea-lions. The specimen, considered of great value, was seen. It was subsequently lost, or inadvertently thrown away.

party. Canoes always start soon after dawn, and each member of the expedition is careful to pray before leaving, and also to avoid eating to one food should in any way interfere with the success of the venture. Before reaching their destination, a chief in each canoe draws from a pouch some eagle down brought for the purpose, holds it before his mouth, and blows a little towards each of the four cardinal points, at the same time asking Mindimi to smile on the enterprise and grant a safe return. This does not guarantee success, but it is felt that any disaster which may occur would have been more serious if assistance had not been thus requested.

Although *Ilquanaim*, under the name of Mindimi, is the one to whom prayers are most often addressed, petitions are sometimes made to other beings. In the beginning of time, when Raven had superhuman power, mortals frequently sought his assistance. In the present time, he is sometimes asked for aid, in the belief that he may still have some shreds of his former power, or be in a better position than men to intercede with Mindimi. If storms await when it is raining, people may ask them to request the supreme being to stop the rain; in such cases, a petitioner is careful to address a raven as *Nuxalkila*, his title as chief, rather than as *Qaax*. In cold winter weather, a raven is sometimes caught alive, its head smeared with grease, and as it is released, the captor says:

"Please send the cold wind, Nuxalkila."

Prayers are also said half humorously, half seriously, on many occasions. When, for example, clothing has become too ragged for further use, it is thrown on a fire with the remark:

"Please come to me again, soon."

The dancer does not actually believe that to so doing he is asking help from his clothing, but it gives him a certain sense of satisfaction thus to have expressed his desires.

The prayers above described can be said by anyone, at any time; they are means of gratification known to the whole community. In addition, information was obtained about two prayers, each of which is the jealously guarded prerogative

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Coola social organization, and of the absence of standardized obligations based upon specific relationships.

Slaves

Since a slave was* without status in the Bella Coola community, it is perhaps incorrect to include a description of slavery in a chapter on social organization; but as slaves lived in the Bella Coola villages, it seems reasonable to include them when dealing with the different units of the tribe. It was impossible to obtain an accurate estimate of their number in Bella Coola; slavery has been so long abandoned that the present natives could only hazard vague guesses. Judging from conversational remarks by elderly men, it seems probable that in the old days there was a considerable slave population in every Bella Coola village, comprising at times as much as thirty to forty per cent of the total population.

When a party raided a village most of the inhabitants were slain, but some, especially children, young adults, or famous chiefs were captured. As far as could be learned, once a captive had reached Bella Coola he was in little danger, since torture or systematic slaying after the heat of battle had subsided was not a Bella Coola characteristic. The leader of the expedition retained many of the captives as his own slaves, and distributed others among his followers. Anyone, chief or commoner, could own slaves in the same way that he could own any other type of goods.

Like any other commodity, slaves were bought and sold. The Bella Coola were usually so well provided with salmon that they were able to exchange these fish with the members of other tribes for slaves. Lack of strong chieftainship among the Bella Coola hindered their success in war, so that most of their slaves were obtained by trade. To the same category belong those obtained as presents or potlatches. If, however, a member of one of the tribes on the lower Fraser River was

*One of the first effects of the white man's establishment in British Columbia was the freeing of all slaves. Consequently the past tense is used in this section.

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names to the dog, and had distributed presents to validate the bestowal. Consequently, the animal is a chief (see Plate 11)[1] and can do as he likes. When it dies it will be mourned as a chief. Moreover, a number of people have returned the presents which they received at the time the dog was made a chief, and this money is kept by the woman and her husband, to be used when they perform the rite of mourning for the dog at death.

When this is possible, in the present degenerate days, it is not difficult to understand how, formerly, a great chief felt himself above the restrictions that hindered lesser men. The last great Bella Coola chief was *Pathe*, who died between 1870 and 1880. His influence and power were so great that he was a virtual ruler, during anything. If he requested a young man to take his food box home and the youth was slow to obey, *Pathe* had no hesitation in killing him on the spot. Such great power, though unusual, is intelligible to the Bella Coola, since *Pathe* gave far more potlatches than any of his contemporaries. Other chiefs have been known to attempt a similar arbitrary use of power, but have failed, since their prestige was not great enough to justify it. The fame of a mighty chief spreads up and down the coast, and protects him and the members of his family from being ambushed and slain in any sporadic furay. During an actual fight, however, a chief had to take his chances with the rest, but the comparative immunity was a great advantage.

The Bella Coola recognize the fundamental differences between their own concepts about chieftainship and those of other coastal tribes with whom they come in contact. This point was mentioned in the course of conversation by several men. The most powerful chief known to them was *Tsakus*, who, they say, was virtual monarch of the Kitkatla. None of his subjects could go hunting without his permission, and he had rights to a certain share of their booty. At any ceremony presents had first to be given to him, and if he were slighted in this respect, he would kill the offender. It is be-

[1 Doc. cit. 114, p 46 (c) - ANALYST]

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that he wants so-and-so, giving the name of a chief, to go, for instance, to Bella Bella, to invite a certain person, whose name he gives, to the potlatch. X likewise names those whom he wishes to form the escort. As a sound whistle is used, it is essential either that the chief himself be a senior sound, or that a sisi go with him. It is immaterial whether or not all of the crew are members of the society. Nobody is compelled to go, but as all know it will be a matter of pride to X to recompense them, none declines except for some strong reason. X names those whom he wishes to proceed to other tribes, sending one canoe to each group of towns. He arranges their departure according to the distance each must travel, the aim being to have all the guests arrive at Bella Coola at the same time. X is expected to provide food for his guests as soon as they arrive, and as the potlatch cannot start until all have assembled, X tries to ensure simultaneous arrival, no easy matter since the area from which guests are invited extends from the Nass River to Alert Bay.

The mysterious and sacred nature of the potlatch is impressed on the minds of the uninitiated at the time of departure. When the chief who is to bear the invitation, and the members of the crew are ready in the canoe at the beach, there is heard from X's house the sound of a whistle. The uninitiated, unaware of the method by which the noise is produced, consider it to be the voice of some supernatural being connected with the potlatch. Either the messenger himself, or some assistant with him, blows a whistle. This can be done without exposing the method by putting the whistle to the lips under cover of a large blanket. When this has sounded the canoe is free to proceed.

The messenger-chief carries with him his *sound mask*, which he does if he sees another canoe approaching, while eagle down is scattered over the heads of the paddlers. These two signs intimate that the occupants of the craft are on ceremonial business, therefore must not be molested. For a considerable distance up and down the coast the sacred nature of

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the potlatch is recognized to such an extent that an attack upon envoys is unthinkable, though one or two myths recount how this unwritten law was violated on rare occasions. A canoe meeting potlatch messengers veers over to the other side of the channel to give them the right of way.

On reaching the destination the canoe is brought to close to shore until the inhabitants of the village have gathered on the beach, which they swiftly do on the arrival of strangers. The messenger sounds his whistle, the significance of which is fully understood by members of the *nusté* society. Any chief who wishes to show his wealth and importance will invite them to his house. As they are landing, he sends a herald to summon a number of influential people of his village, who seat themselves in their rightful places. As the messengers enter they are given seats on the bench behind the fire, the spot usually reserved for chiefs. A number of lads are called in to roast smoked salmon, and when this has been done the fish are broken into shreds by young girls and served to the messengers on a mat, in lieu of a table-cloth. The envoys do not deliver their message as soon as they arrive. On the contrary, they spend the rest of the day aimlessly talking with their hosts, and sleep in the house where they have been received.

The following day likewise passes without ceremony, but towards nightfall the host summons all his fellow-villagers to his house. The singers take up their customary places and beat out a *hasiut* tune. Upon hearing his or her air, the owner of it starts to dance. Using their own discretion, the singers beat out the tunes of *hasiut* after *hasiut*, and each dances. In like fashion the singers beat out *nusté* songs, and the owner of each dances. Since the supernatural beings are not present, the dances are merely of a ceremonial, not a sacred, nature. When all have danced, each gives a present to the envoys. These gifts are not returnable. They are merely "eagle down," but it is necessary that something be given to validate the dances. The value is immaterial, so far as the purpose is concerned, though a chief who wishes to exhibit his chief-like

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CAUSES OF DEATH

961 The Bella Coola know that sickness, accident, wilful murder, old age, and a host of other factors may at any time terminate a man's life, but they consider that any one of these direct causes is possible only in conjunction with an indirect reason of a religious or supernatural nature; in the last analysis they attribute death to supernatural, not to natural causes. [773] As described in a previous chapter, an ancient myth attributes the origin of death to the stupidity of Raven, but this belief, even if its historical accuracy is accepted, belongs to the realm of philosophy and ancient history rather than to everyday life. 961 When a canoe is capsized on the ocean and its occupants are drowned,—the Bella Coola do not consider a drowning a mere 776 accident—it is because *Lemoyus* was hungry and desired human flesh. This indirect reason is quite as important as the direct one. So, too, the death of a man beneath a falling tree or a land-slide is no accident; *Sā-lus* caused the tree to crash to earth or the slide to roll downwards. Most individuals believe that this supernatural being is responsible when an animal kills a hunter. He delights in death and always sits on [754] a coffin before it is taken to the grave, although none but shamans can see him. Any supernatural being can cause death, but it must not be imagined that the Bella Coola go through life in a state of constant fear; death may vanquish them in the forests, but the probabilities are against it. Nor does 753 sickness appear to them as a natural phenomenon. Its cause is either the intrusion of some foreign object into the body, or the weakness of one of the patient's supernatural elements. The only remedy in the latter case is an appeal to the super- [755] natural, sometimes through the medium of a shaman, whereas a foreign object in the body can often be extracted by a skilled [754] practitioner. A disease of this type is often brought on by the machinations of a sorcerer, and if death results it is attributed 761 to the potency of his charms, not to a natural ailment. Even [775] ghosts are able to cause death. In war, one man may be able [726]

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to kill an enemy, but his success is accredited to his supernatural possessions which have given him skill as a warrior rather than to his own ability. 761 726

It is felt that no ordinary explanation is sufficient to account for the death of a great chief. No matter what may have been the actual cause, it is always said that the supernatural Carpenters, who in the beginning of time created mankind, came down and "seized" or "called back" the deceased, thinking him too good for this world. It is believed that these beings are keen hunters, and that *Alquntâm* allows them to pursue influential people. This sentiment is always expressed in mourning songs for a dead chief, but although accepted as a matter of fact, it is little more than a formalized belief which serves to comfort the mourners. The infraction of a taboo is another reason frequently given for a chief's death. It is said that there was a loud crash and the earth shook before the death of *Potlas*; he became ill immediately, and his stomach began to swell. The stricken chief said that *Sonq'* itself had fallen upon him, but the common belief was that he had erred in some ritual act. At any rate, he died within a few hours. 961 622 [773] [533]

RITES FOLLOWING DEATH

News of a critical illness spreads rapidly through the village and the house in which the sufferer is lying becomes a rendezvous for friends asking about his condition. Failure to do so would be considered ungracious, with the result that there is such a constant coming and going that rest is denied the sick person. Shamans are called upon to practise their powers in a noisy manner, and female relatives weep and wail. The din is indescribable. 763 [756]

When the patient shows no further indication of life, the shamans cease, but the women redouble their cries. Relatives, friends, and sympathizers all crowd into the house and begin to weep, often adding verbal lamentations. The progress of the news from house to house can be traced by the wailings. Mean- 764

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CHAPTER III

WARFARE[1]

General Observations — Specific Accounts

General Observations

721 PRIOR to the establishment of British rule, there was con-
648 siderable warfare among the coastal tribes of British Columbia. Long-continued struggles leading to the extermination of one or other of the participants were unknown, but there were constant raids, counter-raids, forays, and attacks. These were never as continuous as on the Plains, where martial achievements were regarded more highly than on the coast, but it appears probable that at least several villages of the Bella Coola were embroiled every few years. Nevertheless,
[796] war was secondary in importance to ceremonial rites. During the winter, peace reigned and members of hostile tribes were
[356] even received as guests at some dances. At potlatches they might be subjected to insult, later to be avenged in the same manner or by active hostility, but seldom was actual violence offered either to envoys or guests. The symbol of peace and
726 friendliness was eagle down; the occupants of a canoe who
825 bore an invitation to a potlatch, or who were guests them-
778 selves, used to blow this substance up into the air whenever
[784] another craft approached, and it was incumbent on the latter
[578] to veer over to the other side of the channel. Eagle down was
[627] considered to be so sacred that when two men were quarrelling a chief could stop them by blowing some of it over their heads.
721 In winter, hostilities were prevented by ceremonies, and in summer the people were usually busy laying in supplies of food; consequently, it was only in the late spring that fighting was
[575] at all common. Even then the dictates of ceremonial life were
[622] not entirely forgotten; no *kuxiut* novice went to war and

[1] Warfare having long been discontinued, the past tense is used throughout this chapter.

721 to attack. It is said that the Fort Rupert people once visited
648 it, but their hair became entangled in the thorns growing near
the tide-flats and they were easily slain while struggling to free
themselves. Two warriors escaped and hid in the branches
[727] of a huge spruce tree. They used to slip down at night and
steal food, thus supporting themselves for several weeks, but
[628] were at last discovered and enslaved. On such occasions the
villagers of the lower and central valley usually rallied to the
help of *Qomqotis*, the most exposed one, although there was
no mechanism to enforce such assistance. The inhabitants of
[774] this town attributed their protection to *Alqaoxtin*, and used
to claim that he had decreed that they should be immune
[361] owing to their close association with him. Though Bella Coola
[162] itself was comparatively free from molestation, *Kimsquit* and
Talio, with smaller populations and less strategic positions,
were subject to frequent attacks. At least one of the villages at
712 the head of South Bentinck Arm was defended with a stockade
of cedar trunks, set upright in a double row and entered by a
water-gate with a drop-door.[1] This water-gate protected the
[618] residents on many occasions, and it is remembered that one
724 Fort Rupert raiding-party was annihilated while endeavouring
to batter down the door with a huge ram. The defenders,
armed with muskets, picked off the attackers as they struggled
in the open.

721 All the older men were emphatic in stating that most of
their raids were in revenge for such attacks. Although such
statements were partisan, they were confirmed in every way
[642] and were probably tolerably correct. Lack of a strong govern-
[623] ment was a serious handicap to the Bella Coola. After being
assailed, the members of the town would discuss retaliation,
[622] and if unanimity of opinion was reached, that course was de-
[701] cided upon. Public opinion alone selected the leader, usually
a man who had given a number of potlatches, especially one
whose position had been made stronger by previous validation

[1] It is said that such stockades surrounded other villages, but definite information on this point was unavailable.

as a warrior. Such a chief had to command over his followers. If he were a man of great prestige, many would be willing to serve under him, but he could not compel the services of anyone except his own slaves. A few individuals often declined to follow their fellows to war, although the force of public opinion usually prevented a too individualistic course. Inhabitants of other towns used their own discretion whether or not to join the party. If some of their relatives had been slain in the previous attack, revenge influenced them to share in the retaliation, otherwise only the prestige of a mighty chief could attract them. No case is known in which all the Baliu Coolo villages joined in a single expedition; there were often temporary alliances between neighbouring settlements, but complete lack of central organization. The course of events was similar when a chief wished to raid without the motive of avenging an attack. For example, if a Baliu Coolo had been enslaved by a foreign tribe and slain by his owner, a brother of the victim might decide on revenge. The usual course was to kill a slave belonging to the murderer, though sometimes he led a raiding party if he could gain the necessary support.

Each warrior provided his own weapons, frequently the same as those used for hunting. Bows with obsidian-tipped arrows were most relied upon for offence, though slings were also used from canoes. Every man carried a spear, pointed like an arrow, for hand-to-hand fighting, although there was relatively little of this, most of the combats being fought at a distance with much noise, boasting, and expletives, but few casualties. Spears were, however, useful if the attackers succeeded in surprising a village at night. Hostilities are a thing of the past, consequently it was impossible to obtain detailed information respecting offensive weapons. Armour consisted of maple or birch slats reinforced with moosehide and worn around the body and chest; this rendered quick movement difficult but was effective against arrows. Muskets were introduced many years ago and armour consequently became useless. Large shields of moosehide were carried in all canoes,

and one was held up by the bow paddler as the craft neared the shore to protect him and those behind from arrows and stones cast by slings. When not in use, shields were held away to leave with some white substance resembling flour.* On the shore of the land below Bella Coola, opposite Wuyee Bay, there are some localities of the same white tint, even now these are often spoken of as "The Shields of the Bella Coola." It is said that hostile raiders, seeing them, used to remark that they had reached the outposts of Bella Coola.

The same lack of leadership shown during preparations for a war was evident during hostilities. The so-called leader had little authority over his men, who could desert and return home at any time. Lack of martial ability among their own chiefs sometimes led the Bella Coola to place themselves under the authority of a Bella Bella in a way which would be impossible for a war-like people. Frequently such divided leadership led to disaster, and is the surest proof that the Bella Coola were not an aggressive or bellicose as other coastal tribes.

Except when attacking the Carriers, all raiding parties embarked in canoes and followed a definite order of procedure handed down from the past. In the stern of each craft sat the captain, a chief, who, as the craft was leaving, began to sing his or the song, keeping time to it with the beats of his paddle; the recounting of the glories of their ancestors was supposed to encourage the warriors. Instead of leaving simultaneously, a rendezvous was often chosen down the fiord, and the expedition finally moved off from there when all the canoes had arrived. While still in friendly territory, a feeble pretended openly. A small amount of dried salmon and water was carried by a war party and morsels of the former were eaten at intervals. The bow-man took as much food and drink as he thought could be consumed at one sitting, put a fragment of dried salmon in his mouth, chewed it four times on the same side of his mouth as he was paddling, and swallowed it. Then

* Some undetermined substance said to have had protective or preservative qualities.

...to cook a dip of water. ...chewed it four times, and ...four times squeezed as ...of four mouthfuls of salmon, ...of water. It was most im... ...into the mouth that ... ...flowing water, the bow... ...taken from the stove to ...drunk in the same man... ...other side of his mouth ...paddled on the other ... ...bow. To the food and ... ...If possible, he was requi... ...if there was too much, h... ...into the ocean. His wa... ...water was passed to him ... ...he bark, his head pointe... ...over his face so that it ...drink were completely co... ...would be annihilated. ...enough salmon and water ...as second portion could ...

Each captain took w... ...cedar-bark which was us... ...the course of the day, the ...upon some decoration o... ...colours of bark to serve ...of the same canoe. He ...would suffice, and the bo... ...The second paddler follo... ...order of his position in th... ...the captain had to wear ...too little, he had to do ...selves, the party continu... ...was chosen for camping, ...but no light was ever al...

...llowed by another piece of dried fish, ...washed it down as before. This was ...as the provender consumed consisted ...each chewed four times, and four sips ...portant that no more should be taken ...uld be swallowed at a single gulp. ...man passed the food which he had ...the paddler behind him who ate and ...ser, except that he chewed with the ..., corresponding to the fact that he ...e of the canoe from the man in the ...rink was passed down to the captain. ...red to eat whatever was left, though ...e threw the remains over his shoulder ...s also expected to swallow whatever ..., but if there was too much he would ...ting over the stern, and pour it out ...fall into the ocean. As the food and ...nsumed, so it was believed the enemy ...If the bow-man had failed to take out ..., the captain received none of it, since ...be served.

...ith him a supply of dyed and undyed ...ored in the bow of the canoe. During ... party would land and the chief decide ...ade by combining strands of the two ...as a distinguishing mark for members ... took out as much bark as he thought ...w-man was the first to don the symbol. ...wed, and each in turn did the same in ...he canoe. If too much had been taken, ...r collars of whatever was left over; if ...without. Having thus arrayed them... ...ed until nightfall when a secluded spot ...g. Wood was collected and fires laid, ...truck and the warriors lay around the

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[724] cold sticks to sleep. Meanwhile, their wives at home were
[724] required to be very careful, since a woman's heedless playing
[722] would cause injury to her husband, and faithlessness, his death.
These restrictions were obligatory during the absence of the expedition.

[724] As the party neared the enemy's country, they would conceal the craft under projecting trees by day and travel only at night. When within striking distance, a scouting canoe was sent forward to learn the hostile dispositions, the best means of approach, and so forth. This was usually done at dusk, and when the scouts had returned, the party would steal quietly through the forest and hide behind the unsuspecting village. At dawn the leader would give the signal, and the attackers would rush forward with a fierce shout, killing all the men and [727] seizing women and children as slaves. When captives were [425] taken by slave members of the expedition, they belonged to [567] the latter's masters. The victors would cut off the heads of their victims, seize what loot they could, set fire to the village and rush home before support could arrive from neighbouring towns. At first, the slaughter was usually a somewhat unpleasant task, but as the warriors became inflamed with the heat of battle, they began to delight in killing, and even women and children frequently suffered.

[727] The exulting victors sped homewards, rejoicing at their success but somewhat fearful that they might be cut off by overwhelming reinforcements. During the journey, each warrior who had taken a head removed the scalp by cutting the skin around the cranium close above the eyebrows and ears. These trophies were washed at the rock *Skalzemuxte* on the [583] fiord below Bella Coola. When within sight of home, the captain stood up in the canoe and sang again his *ayala* song, a symbol of victory as the bloody scalps were held aloft. Women and children would rush forth to greet the conquerors who landed amid scenes of wild enthusiasm and rejoicing.

[422] Prisoners of war became the property of those who had
[567] taken them, with the exception of those captured by slaves.

[illegible]

established Tsilcox was he who held away between 1830 and 1870, a man of almost gigantic proportions, of tremendous physical strength, and endowed with force of character and initiative as well. Pitted against him, the Kimsquit people suffered even more than before; there were few direct casualties, but Kitkatla canoes seemed always to be lurking in the vicinity, ready to kill or enslave heedless fishermen or those travelling between Kimsquit and Bella Coola or Dean. Friends of the victims repeatedly discussed counter-measures, but lack of leadership prevented them from coming to a decision for several years.

One winter, about the middle of the last century,[1] the Kimsquit determined to take the offensive in May. This plan was discussed both at Bella Coola and Dean, at Kemano the leading chief, Nuxmalis, gave his support and many men whose relatives had been killed or enslaved promised to join the Kimsquit raiders. Among others who took part in the conference was a certain *Lo-qua-i*, an influential Bella Bella chief who chanced to be visiting relatives in Kemano at the time. It was decided that the rendezvous should be Kwatsulas, on Laloosilum Channel.

During the spring those who planned to take part in the expedition busied themselves with their preparations. No one knew how large would be the force, since no recruiting was done and each man decided whether or not to join it; some did so to revenge injuries to their relatives, some merely to display martial ability, whereas others declined to repay their wrongs. At last the appointed date came round, and some fifty canoes, each containing twenty to thirty men, gathered at the appointed place.[2] Thence they set out and encamped for the first night at Inverness River, Kwiatlat, near Bella Bella. *Lo-qua-i* knew the time of morning and the route that would be followed, so next day two lads to hunt deer at the spot, though, not wishing to circulate news of the raiders, he did not tell them what they were likely to find. The two hunters stumbled upon the encampment without being observed, and hurried home to report what they had seen. *Lo-qua-i* had intended to join the party, so he now set out in a small canoe with the two as paddlers, after warning them that they must say nothing at home of his movements. His war equipment consisted of a musket and two palette-shaped boards with small

[1] The approximate date was judged from the fact that the old man who told of the expedition in 1922 said that his father was about five years of age at the time.
[2] The strength of the expedition was probably exaggerated.

in their movements. Again the Bella Coola were unwilling, but again their unbecomingly and uncertain wishes were overruled by the dominant party, and the march was made. The Fraser was crossed in an unprovided shallow near the mountains, two which the natives broke, smashed them, and threw the fishers into the water. While this was taking place, a Wuyaik o canoe rounded a point, and he gave it took the opportunity to jump aboard, saying that he was escaping from a Bella Coola raiding party. The canoe paddled away and the expedition was left helpless. The usual discussion took place about what was to be done, but finally the natives returned home. They had been diverted from their original objective, had been led to attack a friendly tribe, had been deserted by their leader, and the only spoils of the long-prepared expedition were a few slaves.

Among the prisoners were two daughters of a certain Gitsm, who was hated because he had frequently been in partnership with Tsilcot. A few days after the return of the expedition, the latter appeared to remain in oblivion. Some of the Bella Coola wanted to kill him, others demurred, and it was finally decided that a spear, fastened to a line, should be hurled against his canoe so that it would project outwards and lodge against an obstacle under, capsizing the craft and drowning the occupant. The spear was thrown, but clever handling prevented the intended disaster. Gitsm was a celebrated warrior, one who never showed fear, so he calmly pulled out the missile and again paddled upstream. This time the Bella Coola kind drew close to either side of his head, but he was unmoved and unarmed until he knew of preserve. Finally, a Bella Coola tried to wrench off a tuft of hair from above one ear, but though he pulled with all his force, he did not succeed, and everyone on shore laughed at him. This restored good humour, and Gitsm was allowed to land and rejoin his daughters. When he left for home he was told to send his friends if they wished the return of their relatives. This was done and peace followed; if Gitsm had waited a few days until the excitement of victory had cooled, he would have been able to land without molestation. The only other result of the expedition was that the Chim Hat Indians killed their own Cannibals for having allowed their frameworks to be captured.

After this fiasco, the Kitkatla became even bolder and many years elapsed before another expedition was sent against them. This time, there was no Bella Bella chief to interfere with the arrangements and after the place had been discussed for a winter, a flotilla from Bella Coola, Kimsquit and Tallio took the water one day in May.

Nothing of importance took place until, near Kitkatla, a canoe was captured containing a man and his wife. The former's face was marked with a vertical scar, and it was remembered that, four years earlier, when Tsilcot had been attacking Kimsquit, one of the defenders had shot an

seven thousands from the station above the barrier at that to station point guarded the face of one of the sentinels. The two divisions the same time, as a European chief promptly did him up a few rows of corrugated. From the captive women it was learnt that Fulcon himself was at Bulla Bulla. Here was a golden opportunity, but the Bulla Coola wanted it through divided counsels. Some wanted to proceed to Bulla Bulla to capture Fulcon himself, others to continue to Kibaula and wreak during the absence of their warrior-chief. Either plan might have been successful, but as usual there was no central authority and there were wanted to ride nothing. At length they determined to assault the village, and carefully drew canoes for the purpose. The same little discussion followed concerning, but at last six eight canoe of the attackers halted in the woods behind the encompassing town, while others guarded the canoes hidden in a thicket.

Meanwhile Fulcon, while at Bulla Bulla, had heard that a Bulla Coola raiding party had set out. He knew that its objective would be his own village, so he hurried home in a fast canoeing canoe with about a hundred others, and through creeping at night. Under cover of darkness, he passed undetected into Kibaula at the very time that the attackers were in ambush. Though unaware of this, Fulcon set with promptness. He called his followers together and told them what he had learnt at Bulla Bulla, and that from the time which had elapsed since he heard the news, the enemy must be at hand. Drums were beaten and all the community rallied together in readiness. The lurking Bulla Coola overheard the preparations, but could not make up their minds to attack instantly; some wanted to do so, others desired to wait for dawn, and were more lack of leadership caused an opportunity to slip by. Just as daylight the assault was launched. With a wild yell the Bulla Coola fell upon the town, but the Kibaula were on the alert, their arms beside them, and the onslaught was a failure. The first rush was driven back, so the assault degenerated into a sporadic musketry duel which continued throughout the day with advantage to the numbers although the casualties were heavy on both sides. Fulcon owned a small brass cannon which he fired as a signal to other towns of the Kibaula to rally to his assistance, and the Bulla Coola were forced to consider the possibility of hostile reinforcements arriving at any time. Some of the attackers tried to burn the village by crawling on the roofs and setting them afire, but the very defenders pulled them through the smoke-vents and killed them. In the afternoon several canoes came hurrying up, filled with allies summoned by the firing of the cannon. As they sped past the place where the Bulla Coola canoes were concealed, they noticed one of the enemies and took a few long-range shots at him. One struck him on the wrist, and the

...the sound that ...the raiders were ...d the attack and ...had all on board,

...as a dearly loved ...others. In the ...ious speech:

...number of Bella ...good his escape. ...ave a chance for ...addressed. The ...Bella canoes into ...she could do so ...chase of a large ...ers with paddles ...ls. Aided by an ...e wave and had ...wave coming to ...driven ashore to ...perilous position, ...wards for yellow ...he canoes, an art ...eral tribes. Five ...y found; the dis...ese rude canoes, ...resumed. The two ...ventures.

...father of the man ...grandfather of a ...so discussed. The ...n validated. One

...er opportunity to ...ge we attacked." ...first requesting ...scheme, in case of ...proposing a plan ...who had imitated ...ped, tied a knife ...theft. He had no

difficulty in getting over the village, but the dogs smelt his approach and their barking at disturbed him that he returned. Now it was the turn of the men to whom the scheme had first been suggested. He took the canoe from and pushed off into the darkness. A celebration of victory was taking place, so that he was able to land unobserved on the beach and mingle without suspicion among the many strangers who had assembled to Tuhoto's call. These included allies among whom were slaves and others whose faces were unfamiliar to the members of the village itself. After walking around for some time, the Baliu Coolo noticed a canoe of suitable size at the end of the village. He joined a group walking in that direction, but deserted himself by making some excuse when near the desired point. Once out of sight behind the canoe, he waited until he was unobserved and moved the craft a few feet; again he waited, then shifted it once more, until he was ultimately able to launch it. By great good fortune, he was able to slip in unobserved, and managed to rejoin his companions although he had only his hands and a few pieces of wood with which to paddle. The seven remained on the islet for two days more, making paddles and waiting until all suspicion of the possibility of any attackers had passed.

Then they launched their craft and started homewards. Ignorant of the outside channel, they determined to follow the well-known inner route, though this course exposed them to constant danger and necessitated travelling by night only. There was so little darkness, however, that they could neither procure fast nor replenish their stock of food. On the eighth day, when lying near Hawkes Bay, they were almost starving. *Tū tāmai*, one of the warriors, said to his brother *Ōpuihamy*:

"Do you want us to die of starvation? We cannot go on this way, let us camp for a few days and hunt, no matter what the danger."

Ōpuihamy agreed, and set off with a packer, telling his comrades not to worry even if he were absent four days since he did not know the country, and might have difficulty in finding game. Another hunter, *Kauiwaitaia*, went off with a packer in the other direction but soon returned unsuccessful and discouraged, though *Tū tāmai* cheered him by saying that he was sure his brother would succeed. Before night *Ōpuihamy* and his packer brought back a fat buck which was divided among the starving wanderers. At first they ate the fat uncooked, but hunger at last drove them to build a small fire and toast the meat in thin strips so that the minimum of heat and flame was required. Thus strengthened, they eventually reached home.

Even those who had fled at the arrival of the first reinforcements had difficulties in reaching home owing to ignorance of the route. Some of the canoes reached Kitiohe in safety, whence the occupants proceeded

the body to his own house, preparatory to burying it. It was April, but as they were waiting, a violent thunderstorm blew up from the east, the only time that such bad ever occurred at that season. Thunder had promised to come to *Kwatle*'s aid, but the latter had died so suddenly as to make any appeal, the supernatural one had just learnt of his grandchild's death and had come rushing to his assistance. Realising the danger, the executioner and his friends hastily buried the corpse, throwing over it a number of blood-stained shirts, and finally stamping down the earth. There was a furious hurricane; trees were uprooted, houses shook, the earth over the grave seethed as if in a whirlpool and chunks of it were carried up into the air. Only the potency of the blood on the shirts prevented the return to life of *Kwatle*.[1]

This second unsuccessful attack on the Kitkatla so disheartened the Bella Coola that they made no more raids on their northern foemen who, flushed with victory, became even bolder than before. As usual, the Kimsquit and Tallio people suffered more than the inhabitants of the main valley. On one of these forays, about 1835, the Kitkatla killed *Talwaulant*, a brother of *Pootlas*, the leading chief of the Bella Coola at the time. This was contrary to all the rules of warfare since he was a member of one of the leading families and the donor of many potlatches, a man whose name was as well known as that of *Pootlas*, Kirkpatrick of Fort Rupert, or *Trahern* himself. The fame of such chiefs was enough to protect them except during the actual heat of conflict, and the Bella Coola were justly angry.

A few years later a single canoe came paddling up North Bentinck Arm and was beached about half a mile from the head. Scouts investigated, and returned to *Kemgass* with news that the occupants were Kitkatla, and that *Trahern* himself was among them. At once there was heated discussion among the people of the lower valley. Many who had lost relatives in the protracted struggle wished to wipe out the party; others, to see what they wanted. A few daring individuals skulked through the forest and fired on the visitors at long range; they were answered, not with bullets, but by the four times holding aloft of a moose-skin, a sign of friendly intentions. If the strangers had fired on the scouts, a fight would have ensued, but this peaceful reception disarmed suspicion.

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[1] This tale is a curious illustration of the manner in which supernatural elements become woven into accounts which have an historical basis. It is to be assumed that the wanderers were in a suggestible state owing to privation, and readily believed that supernatural powers must have assisted them. *Kwatle* was feared as a sorcerer, and probably boasted of a visitation from Thunder during his wanderings. This was accepted and the incorporation of impossible incidents followed in due course.

Tuhoe remained encamped for several days, during which time he sent word to the Bella Coola that he regretted the death of *Hiwaniwi* and had come to make peace. He added that his followers had tried to dissuade him, saying that he would be killed, but he had answered that he was too great a man to allow fear to influence his actions.

Having waited for several days, the party came up the Bella Coola River, their canoe loaded with presents and eight slaves, while *Tuhoe's* brother, *Ne-ahi-a*, sent the mark of his reverence as further proof of friendly intentions. It was unusual to display one courage in a strange community, but this was an unprecedented event; to leave that to might soon be killed and he preferred to die while bearing the obvious mark of interposition with some incident of an unusual myth. The canoe was launched opposite the house of *Putlo* where the two blue eagle down mats on the air to mark their peaceful mission. After had gathered from all parts of the Bella Coola valley and several had made visited to disregard the safe-conducts and slay their enemies, a course which they had recommended for several days and had tried to precipitate by overt acts against the Kitkatla. *Putlo* himself had not spoken, but he now appeared and advised the people not to harm *Tuhoe*, since continuing hostility would result. Though his wishes did not entirely quiet the angry ones, they virtually assured the Kitkatla of a welcome. *Putlo* brought forward a mountain-skin, and told some of his people to hold it spread so that, when *Tuhoe* leapt from his canoe, he would land upon it, and could be carried to the house without putting foot to the ground. *Tuhoe* answered proudly that there was nothing on earth strong enough to support him, since his many potlatches had made him incomparably heavy. None the less, he accepted the honour, as assistance to landing shown only to mighty chiefs, and was carried into the house where he was seated in the far right-hand corner, an honourable location. *Putlo* invited all the people in the vicinity, slaves as well as Bella Coola, and the inner partitions of the house had to be removed to provide space for the throng.

Though *Putlo* had decided against the immediate killing of the Kitkatla, he had concocted a scheme to test their bravery and the sincerity of their desire for peace. No one knew of this except his nephew, *Ne-ewakai*, who was to carry it out. When all were seated, the latter appeared, his face smeared with ashes, and his hair tied up in a top-knot with weasel skins as is customary during war. *Ne-ewakai* moved sunwise around the house, brandishing a musket and repeatedly pointing it at *Tuhoe* in a threatening manner. If the Kitkatla had shown nervousness, particularly if one of them had fired his own musket, a massacre would have resulted. But they remained unmoved, confident in the prestige of their leader, while he knew that though his body might be

5: McIlwraith, T. F. (1922-1924) 1948
NE6 Bellacoola NE6
Tsimshian NE15
Kwakiutl NE10

B T 648 721 incurred. This ill-will has continued up to the present time. In 1923 word reached Bella Coola that Tsibasa had approached a Quatsino chief and asked him to spread the rumour that the missing party had been drowned at sea, at the same time admitting what had taken place. It may have a half-breed Kwakiutl, hunting on Virgin Rocks, happened to unearth the bones buried beneath the log. There the matter rests for the moment so far as the Bella Coola are concerned, but they express the opinion that the continued ill-will may cause bloodshed at any time.

It must be remembered that the above account of this recent friction with the Kitkatla is of a partisan nature. No attempt was made to learn the Kitkatla side of the matter, so that the version here given may or may not be the truth. It has been inserted as an illustration of Bella Coola attitude, and of the manner in which, formerly, doubts, fears and suspicions led to war. This would certainly have been the case in the present instance but for the restraining influence of the white man's rule.

KWAKIUTL WAR

B K 648 721 K [633] Only slightly less feared than the Kitkatla were the Kwakiutl-speaking peoples, especially those inhabiting Knight's Inlet, Kingcome Inlet, and Blunden Harbour, who were known collectively as *Djakhanas*. As *Tsibasa*[1] was feared among the northern raiders, so was *Itlmil* among the southern. Bella Coola itself was too difficult of access and too densely populated to be successfully attacked, but *Tālio* was subject to constant raids. Even more disconcerting was the constant danger of lurking foemen; one year it would be a hunter who was surprised and killed, the next a party of women would be carried off while picking berries.

B [712] The raiders became so bold that the inhabitants of one of the *Tālio* villages decided to defend themselves by building a stockade. Everyone assisted in the task, so that the fortification was soon completed. It consisted of a fence of vertical logs with a platform running around near the top, on the inner side, on which the defenders could stand, and a water-gate through which canoes could enter at high tide. It surrounded five or six houses and was planned as a place of refuge for all the *Tālio* villages. One of the tree-trunks brought for the stockade was hollow, and there was considerable discussion as to whether it should be used, but finally it was set up with the others. A Kwakiutl who was visiting *Tālio* at the time took notice of this weakness, but no one seems to have suspected that he would inform his friends of it when he went home.

B K [726] The summer after the stockade had been completed the Kwakiutl discussed the usual raid on *Tālio*; one of the principal chiefs opposed an expedition on the ground of the reputed strength of the defence, but

1 [a famous Tsimshian chief - ANALYST]

B K 648 727 [731]

to was overruled by the popular wish and the raiders set out. They had chosen an opportune time, since most of the people were absent hunting and fishing; in fact, three men and three children were the sole occupants of the fortified village. They saw the approaching canoeists in the distance, closed all openings, and prepared to defend themselves. The Kwakiutl killed a large cow and with this as ram attempted to batter down the gate. It was too strongly built, and while struggling with it, the attackers offered excellent targets to those within. One of them, *Owaq*, was a good shot and took heavy toll. Convinced that the gate was too strong for them, the Kwakiutl turned their attention to the hollow log; they ran failed to shatter it and then again suffered heavy casualties. Thus had the defenders escaped annihilation. One of the three was struck by an enemy bullet, another fell from the fighting platform and accidentally shot himself, while *Owaq*'s powder began to fail. Perceiving that all was lost, he told one of the little boys to open a concealed rear door[1] and fled into the woods with the two smaller children. The three managed to escape undetected from the village and hid themselves under leaves. The Kwakiutl did not know how weakly the stockade was defended, and *Owaq* disguised the fact by rushing from one part of the platform to another and calling out in various tones as if a number of people were speaking. He could fire only occasionally on account of shortage of powder, but the ruse was effective and at last the raiders withdrew, carrying their dead with them. Two of them wandered into the forest instead of accompanying their comrades; they must have died of starvation, since their corpses were found in an emaciated condition several weeks later.

Not content with defeating the raiders almost single-handed, *Owaq* embarked in a small canoe and cautiously followed the course which he knew they must have taken. His children had been slain by the Kwakiutl during a previous raid, a circumstance which had so embittered him that he regretted the escape of a single one of them, and was determined to treat even their dead with ignominy. At length he noticed a number of crows congregated on a sandy beach, and rightly judged that this indicated the spot where the vanquished had buried their slain. *Owaq* exhumed one of the corpses and impaled it on a stake in a crouching position.

Meanwhile the relatives of the raiders, expecting the usual easy success, had gathered near their leader's house. They were filled with apprehension when they heard a mourning song from the returning canoes, and anxiously called out to learn the fate of different members

[1]Probably a mere chink in the stockade.

Ab McGowan B-9 (1922-1924) 1968
NEA Bella Coola NEA
Kwakiutl NE10

B 727

and *Sal'Acum* soon discovered a protected hollow where, having covered himself with leaves and cotton wood, he went to sleep. When he awoke in the morning the war-party had moved away.

Without clothing to protect him from thorny bushes, *Sal'Acum* could not pass through the forest, so he climbed above the tree-line and made his way to the west side of South Bentinck Arm, not far from the place where he had been captured. With much difficulty and many scratches, he made his way down to sea-level and paddled across the fiord on a log. Then he climbed up once more, and crossed the mountains to Bella Coola above the tree limit. The one survivor of the attack had taken the same route when bearing the evil tidings. Women were wailing and weeping when a naked man was seen coming down the mountain-side; it was *Sal'Acum*. They welcomed him as one returned from the dead; in earlier years he had boasted that, if ever captured, he would escape, and it was recognized that he had made good his promise.

B K 41 926

The defeat at *Tā'ō* rankled in the mind of *Sīwid*, who made another attack on the stockade a few years later. This time it was fully manned and the assailants suffered even more severely than before. As they advanced with a ram, one of the defenders fired a powerful charge and the bullet passed through the bodies of several of the raiders. This so discouraged them that they dragged away the bodies of the slain and departed, having killed only two *Tā'ō* men. As they were going homewards, they chanced to pass beneath a precipitous mountain on which two young Bella Coola were hunting. The latter fired on them at long range and were fortunate enough to register several hits.

After this second failure, *Sīwid* decided to make Bella Coola itself his next objective. With this aim in view, a party of Kwakiutl raiders set out one year. As is customary, they hid during the daytime when in hostile territory, and happened to be in a small harbour below Green Bay when a party of Kimsquit, *en route* to Bella Coola, landed there for water. As one of them, the uncle of a man of fifty in 1923, was drinking at a stream he was fired upon, whereat he hastily concealed himself. A skirmish ensued in which the same man was wounded in the arm. By this time he was some distance from the sea, and he tried to crawl back over the crest of a low ridge to regain the shore. Suddenly he felt a sharp pain in the back and thought he had been hit once more; he continued his flight till he found that his bark-cape had become ignited, and was the cause of the second discomfort. He threw it off and contrived to escape. Another Kimsquit man was wounded in the back but hid himself within a hollow tree.

After this trifling success, the marauders decided to return home. Early the next morning, when paddling down Burke Channel to the east

F: McDermith E-1 [1922-1924] 1948
NEB Bellacoola NEB
KwaKiuth NE10

of Kwatna, a woman called down to them from the upper slopes of the mountains on the south-east. She was one of a party of Kwatna people who were picking berries; their canoes were lying in a bay beneath, where the youths of the party were resting and sleeping, ready to climb up and carry down the loads of berries as the women filled them. *Bʟxwalʟkʟ*, the woman who had called out, had done so under the impression that those passing were Bella Coola, and though one of her companions recognized her error and bade her be silent, the commotion had been given. The raiders would have passed in mid-channel unaware that anyone was in the vicinity, but now they quickly entered the bay and slew the few indians who were with the canoes. Next they endeavoured to capture the women and started climbing up for the purpose, but as soon as they entered the woods, they lost sight of the fugitives who were on the open slopes above. One of the canoes was paddled back to mid-channel, whence there was a clear view so that the crew could call out and direct their comrades' pursuit. Two of the women had started climbing as soon as they saw the warriors turn inwards; they creeped over the mountains and reached Kwatna with word of the affray. With one exception, the others kept together and sought refuge in a narrow cave, the entrance of which they were able to defend; the attackers did not dare linger for a siege, so they too escaped. But *Bʟxwalʟkʟ*, the cause of the whole disaster, was cut off from her companions and hurried from place to place as she strove frantically to get away. When finally brought to bay, she struggled furiously and refused to be taken alive, so her throat was cut and the body decapitated. She was a member of a chief's family, a woman who had been confirmed on a good seat, so the murder was entirely contrary to all coastal customs. If she had been taken prisoner, she would have been ransomed and the matter would have ended, but her death demanded revenge.

When the two women who had fled overland reached Kwatna, a party of warriors set out immediately, but could do no more than bring back the women who had hidden in the cave. Meanwhile the Kwakiutl continued their voyage and encamped at Jacobson's Bay where they watched a Bella Bella canoe pass up the channel towards Bella Coola. They concluded that the Kimsquit people, whose canoes they had destroyed, would hail this passing craft and thus reach Bella Coola with news of raiders in the vicinity. So it transpired, while almost simultaneously came news from Kwatna of the woman's murder, but by this time the Kwakiutl had reached home waters.

Bʟxwalʟkʟ's parents had been Kwatna people, her husband was a Bella Bella, and she had Bella Coola ancestry as well, so the members of these three tribes were all affronted by this killing of a chief. At Bella

2:McIlwraith E-5 (1922-1924) 1948
NE6 Bellacoola NE6

Coola the important men of *Sunxt*, *Tcmoot*, and *Alpâlâxl* met at *Tsmqo'ts* and discussed the matter stormily. *Puxlx* was the leading Bella Coola chief at the time, but he alone did not attend the meeting at which all the others were present, though he sent a man to search a storehouse owned by the murdered woman on the south side of the mouth of Bella Coola River, near the former Hudson's Bay Company's post. *Bâ'awalâk'* had a large amount of ammunition stored within, and this was brought to the house of *Puxlx*. Next morning, the chief himself appeared, his face smeared with ashes and his hair tied in a top-knot with a weasel-skin. This is done by anyone who has killed a man, and it was a clear intimation that *Puxlx* had decided on war. He seated himself in the doorway of his house, a cocked musket in either hand, and intimated that he would shoot anyone who passed on the sidewalk before him. For four days he sat there, neither speaking nor eating: he was *nemâl*, so no one disregarded his wishes and the inmates even of his own house used the refuse holes for egress during that period. No other case is known of such an action, but *Puxlx* could do as he liked, and he manifested his grief and determination in this spectacular manner. On the fifth day, he ordered drums to be beaten, and the inhabitants of the adjacent villages gathered; *Puxlx* wasted no words:

"*Bâ'awalâk'* has been murdered," he said. "She was a chief and my relative.[1] I am going to war. We shall use her own powder and shot."

The ammunition was distributed and the Bella Coola prepared for the expedition.

Owing to the prestige of *Puxlx*, volunteers came swarming in, not only from Bella Coola itself, but from Kimsquit and Talio as well. No one was thoroughly acquainted with the geography of the Kwakiutl territory except a slave named, like the Kwakiutl warrior chief, *Senâ'â*, though not, however, related to him. This man had lived among the Bella Coola for so long that he was thought reliable; he readily agreed to act as guide, only asking that his old mother be spared, a request which was granted.

After the usual delays, the expedition set out and spent the first night at Kwatna. Next morning, *Kwalaxal*, one of the leading warriors, tied his hair into a top-knot and smeared his face with ashes. He was a man whose bravery had been firmly established by the distribution of valuable presents. To show his valour, he stood up on the beach within easy musket range and called out:

"Please fire at my top-knot. If you hit it and make it fall, so will we lay low our foes."

[1] It is doubtful whether she was a kinswoman, but *Puxlx* used the term figuratively in speaking of one who, like himself, was a person of importance.

2: McIlwraith E-5 (1922-1924) 1948
NE6 Bellacoola NE6
KwaKiutl NE10

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For some time no one was willing to take the risk of hitting a comrade, but *Kwalstud* continued his request until a good shot took careful aim and fired. The bullet cut the knot and the warrior's scanty locks fell streaming over his face; he was partially bald so that his top-knot was thin and collapsed easily. Everyone was pleased at this incident as foretelling victory. Those whose courage had been established either by magical means or by the distribution of wealth, often deliberately took public risks of this kind to show their bravery.

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Then the expedition continued, travelling only by night after leaving friendly waters. It was decided to attack the people of Kingcome Inlet, though it is unknown whether that objective had been decided upon before leaving Bella Coola *or en route*. When close to their goal, a scouting canoe was sent forward, guided by the slave. He led the party into one cove, then into another, without seeming to arrive anywhere; the scouts feared that he was deceiving them, so they landed, and while two or three lay in hiding, the others took *Siwid* back to the main party. One Bella Coola had a slight knowledge of the route, so he was sent forward to join the hidden scouts; their canoe was cautiously paddled forward in the darkness till the crew was able to land unobserved about a quarter of a mile from the objective. Kingcome Inlet is famous for its oolachen, which attract fishermen from all parts of the coast; on the day previous a canoe from the north had arrived for the spring run and reported the departure of the Bella Coola expedition. From the time which had elapsed, the Kingcome Inlet people knew that this must now be in the vicinity. Two canoes filled with men were sent out from the threatened village; they scoured the neighbouring coasts, but although one of the crews almost stumbled over the hidden scouts, they found no trace of them, and returned, reporting that no enemy was near. Having avoided those who were looking for them, the Bella Coola scouts returned to the main party and preparations were made to attack at dawn.

The warriors gained positions in ambush behind the village without being discovered, and just before daybreak the assault was launched. The *Djoldkuaz*, taken unaware, could offer no real resistance; many of them were killed or captured although *Siwid*, the chief, himself escaped. The Bella Coola suffered only one casualty, the captain of one of the canoes. During the journey, the bow-man of his craft had misjudged the amounts of food and cedar-bark required, so that his leader, in the stern, had received neither and was in no fit condition for fighting. Some of his friends advised him to remain with the canoes and promised to bring him prisoners to guard; the captain refused this offer, rushed into the fight and was slain. It was generally felt that lack of war decorations was responsible.

2:McIlwraith E-5 (1922-1924) 1948
NE6 Bellacoola NE6
KwaKiutl NE10

As the attackers rushed into the village, the mother of the slave *Siwid*, suspecting who they might be, cried out in Bella Coola to ask their tribe. A chief replied and added that they had come for revenge. Her son, who had taken his full share in the attack, was told where to find his mother, so he rescued her and brought her to Bella Coola, where she was given an honourable position instead of being treated as a slave. As soon as all resistance was ended, the Bella Coola warriors gathered in the captured village to take stock of their victory. At this juncture someone noticed a canoe-load of *Djoldâmxe* trying to steal away unobserved; they had no weapons and the craft was promptly stopped. One of the leading warriors, *Sisaumbila*, uncle of a man about sixty years of age in 1923, had lost several of his relatives during raids from the south, and had joined the expedition for revenge. He came rushing up and slew first one occupant of the canoe, and then another, slowly and deliberately; until, as he became frenzied with blood, he killed them all as quickly as possible. The mother of the Bella Coola slave told the raiders that there were other *Djoldâmxe* villages in the neighbourhood from which help would certainly be sent. So the victors seized as many boxes of olachen grease, blankets and other valuables as possible, and fled with their captives, not stopping even to fire the village.

Among the prisoners was a young woman whom the slave *Siwid* recognized as a chief. He determined to help her to escape and accordingly offered to aid her captor by guarding his prisoner, without telling him of her rank. The Bella Coola had retreated about two miles, their canoes strung out in a long line, when *Djoldâmxe* craft, hurrying up from other villages, appeared and a running fight ensued. In the rear Bella Coola canoe were two hunters, both expert shots; two loaders kept handing them charges already measured out so that they were able to keep up a rapid and well-directed fire which kept the enemy at a distance. The pursuers being directly astern, several times a single bullet passed through the bodies of two warriors, and on one occasion this led to the capsizing of one of their canoes. While the Bella Coola were watching this success, *Siwid* whispered to the girl to dive overboard, that she would be picked up by her friends. By swimming underwater, she deceived the Bella Coola who, though several saw her, thought she was an animal, unworthy of a bullet from one of the marksmen. She reached her fellow-countrymen and was picked up by one of the chasing canoes. Soon afterwards *Siwid* abandoned the hopeless pursuit. Some of the Bella Coola wanted to camp and feast, but the majority thought it safer to push on and put a safe distance between them and their enemies. There is only one good harbour, Indian Cove, in that part of the coast, where they agreed to stop for a few hours if there were no recent footprints in the

2: McIlwraith E-5 (1922-1924) 1948
NE5 Bellacoola NE5
KwaKiutl NE10
Bellabella NE5

B K 648 726

sand. None were to be seen, but after a short delay they proceeded homewards where they were welcomed with wild rejoicing. It was well that they had returned promptly since messengers had been sent immediately to Newitte, Fort Rupert, Alert Bay, and other Kwakiutl towns. A strong force was gathered as soon as possible and went straight to Indian Cove, knowing that the Bella Coola would be likely to camp there. When they found that the raiders had already gone by, they pursued no further.

B K 648 721

After this victory, the Bella Coola suffered less from the southern raiders. As before, occasional canoes came north to seize unprotected fishermen or berry-pickers, but the Kwakiutl had learnt a salutary lesson and were less bold than formerly. About four years later, they formed a large expedition to attack the Bella Coola, but the latter were fortunate enough to have it deflected by an accident.

B K Bb 648 726 Bb

Some four years before the Bella Coola victory, a Bella Bella chief had decided to give an elaborate potlatch at which he would display an ancestral prerogative consisting of twelve stepped platforms within his house. This meant that a large excavation had to be made, around which the stagings were built in receding tiers. The prerogative of building such a house was not unusual, but this was the largest ever known and eight years were spent in its construction. When at last it was finished, the owner prepared to invite guests from all the coastal tribes, including the Kwakiutl. As his envoys to them, heading southward, passed *Trompsh*, near Koeye River in Fitzhugh Sound, they met a canoe and promptly blew their whistles to make known their business. Instead of veering over to the other side of the channel, the craft was paddled alongside that of the potlatch messengers, who realized that the crew were warriors; it was, in fact, the advance guard of the Kwakiutl expedition against the Bella Coola. Before leaving, the men had sworn to kill every person whom they met, either forgetting or deliberately overlooking the possibility of encountering potlatch envoys.* Now that the time came to carry out their oath, the occupants of the leading canoe hesitated; they had failed to greet it right of way, but feared to begin killing, and while they dallied, the second craft ranged up on the other side. Its crew likewise hesitated to kill the messengers, and waited for the third, and they for the fourth. As usual, the expedition had been travelling with the canoes in single file, those from each village together, with the leader in the rear craft of his detachment. Within a few minutes, the chief of the leading town came up to the Bella Bella messengers, but

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*News of a coming potlatch was usually circulated so that the Kwakiutl were probably aware of the possibility of meeting messengers, and seem to have deliberately agreed to break the law so much their passion for revenge.

2: McIlwraith E-9 (1922-1924) 1948
NE6 Bellacoola NE6
Kwakiuth NE10
Bellabella NE5

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be too delayed action until the foremost craft of the next town had arrived. This was continued until the whole flotilla, which had extended for nearly five miles, was ranged in an irregular mass around the envoys. The captain of the last canoe was *Qwaxiällis*, a Fort Rupert chief and validated warrior who had taken an unassuming position because he had Bella Coola blood in his veins and was unwilling to kill his kinsmen; he had been unable to dissuade his fellows from the expedition, but had determined to take little part in it himself. The reputation of this man was so great that it was decided by universal consent to leave the fate of the messengers in his hands. But when *Qwaxiällis* arrived, the canoes were massed so closely that he could not even see the cause for the delay. He entered a small craft and managed to make his way to the centre of the throng, where he quickly sized up the situation and bitterly upbraided those who had failed to keep their oaths. Then he donned his war accoutrements, killed a single Bella Bella silently and unemotionally, then withdrew to the edge of the flotilla. Thus encouraged, an attack was made on the unfortunate messengers. One of them unshipped the mast, stood in the bow and offered a stout resistance by swinging this around like a heavy club, killing one of his foes. Another plunged overboard and in the confusion managed to swim ashore. When the massacre was over, *Qwaxiällis* called out in a loud voice:

"*Sung*[w] will fall upon us for our sin. Take care. I am going home."

He turned and paddled homewards, followed by the other canoes from his own village. His real reason was to assist his Bella Coola kinsmen, but none of the Kwakiutl realized that. After some discussion, the whole expedition was abandoned.

Bb
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726
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The Bella Bella survivor eventually made his way home with the news which was received with great astonishment, disregard of a safe-conduct to potlatch messengers being virtually unknown. The ceremony itself was postponed and finally abandoned owing to the death of the intending donor. No punishment was meted out to the offenders by a third tribe, either because the ritual was committed against a foreign tribe instead of among themselves, or because the offenders came from so many villages that it was impossible to isolate the guilty.

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After this calamity, *Hemä* himself made no more efforts to raid the Bella Coola. About twenty-five years later, when he was an old man, he made a peaceful visit northward to establish friendly relations; he was welcomed and no more hostile acts were committed by his followers during their chief's lifetime. On his death, his son, who was also warlike in disposition, tried to stir up trouble but was restrained by the influence of the white man which had become dominant on the coast by that time.

2: McIlwraith E-5 (1922-1924) 1948
NE6 Bellacoola NE6
Carrier NE7

WAR WITH THE CARRIERS

The only other people with whom the Bella Coola came into frequent conflict were the Carriers. Some of the latter used to spend the winter among the coastal tribes, and had even intermarried with them to a considerable extent, but their mode of life was so different that they were always viewed as foreign in thought and outlook. The Bella Coola despised them for their dirtiness, their fondness for unsavoury food, and, above all, for their ignorance of *kusiut* and *nsaok* matters. This distrust was mutual and not infrequently led to bloodshed. Owing to the location of the Carriers, they could not be reached by canoes, and the Bella Coola had no liking for long overland journeys. The mobility and relative lack of permanent villages made it difficult to bring the Carriers to bay, so that warfare between them and the Bella Coola usually took the form of a killing followed by a raid for revenge; continued hostility was virtually unknown. The people of the lower villages were scarcely affected, but in former times there seems to have been a considerable amount of intermittent fighting between the inhabitants of the upper valley and the Carriers living east of them.

The following account, claimed to be historical, describes what was said to be a typical raid, followed by a counter-attack.

On one occasion all the young people of *Sɛxxl*, *Nukils*, *Ăsăn-ăn-i*, and *Snuisli* went on a picnic to a large, clear tract of ground up the valley, where they spent their time, playing and singing. Towards nightfall two young men, who had not come with the others, drew near cautiously until they could call a girl who was a friend of one of the two. She slipped off quietly from her companions and passed the night with her lover and his comrade in the woods. Towards dawn a party of marauding Carrier Indians swooped down on the sleeping picnickers who, unarmed and unprepared, could make no resistance. With the exception of two pretty girls carried off as slaves, all were slain. The three who had been in the woods hurried back to the villages with the news.

The men of the four towns prepared for action. They went to the picnic ground and brought back the corpses for burial, thus learning for

2:McIlwraith E-5 (1922-1924) 1948
NE6 Bellacoola NE6
Carrier NE7

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726

the first time that two girls were missing. Then they set forth on the track of the Carriers. The raiders, knowing that their assault could not have been heard in any village, and unaware of the three young people hidden in the woods, took no precautions. The first night the pursuers reached the camp where the Carriers had built a long, narrow fire of some kind of wood which emitted no sparks, on either side of which they had placed a long tree-trunk on which to rest their feet as they dried their moccasins at the flames. One of the Bella Coola girls was placed near one end of the fire, the other at the other end on the opposite side. Neither could sleep, but kept watching silently in the hope of being able to escape. Towards dawn one of them was overjoyed to see a Bella Coola scout peering around a tree-trunk. He motioned her to keep silent and she nodded to show that she understood his signal; then he went away. He told his waiting companions how the Carriers were resting with their feet over logs beside the fire, and suggested that they prepare heavy clubs. Having done this, the Bella Coola stole up behind the drowsing enemy. Each selected a victim and broke his leg, or legs, with a crack of the club. Not one of the raiders escaped, the cripples being killed without difficulty. In some manner this event was made the theme of a *sisaok* song.

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The following unrelated incident is probably historically correct, in outline at least, since it is said to have taken place about 1860, and two of the participants were great-uncles of the man from whom the account was obtained.

One October a number of Carriers were staying at *Nusḳalɬ*. Their chief was a certain *Ẍēmālxem* who was distantly related to the people of that village, though he had long since ceased to be regarded as anything but a Carrier. The river was running full and though there were many cohoe and dog salmon in it, they were difficult to catch on account of the roaring torrent. A *Nusḳalɬ* man, *Ẍelxwlioɬ*, had laid in an abundant store of fish for the winter, but his bad-tempered wife urged him to get her some fresh salmon and he ventured forth. A drifting log struck his canoe; he called out for help, but before it reached him, his craft capsized and he was drowned. *Ẍelxwlioɬ* was a popular man and there was great grief at his untimely death.

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As was so often the case, jealousy was rife in *Nusḳalɬ*, where a certain *Nānāɬ* had become wealthy. He was a good carpenter, and his riches had been amassed as rewards for making *ẖusiut* masks, but of course such payments had been made in secret and many people wondered how he had acquired his fortune. This was enough to cause a certain amount of suspicion, and a rival determined to take advantage of it. This man approached *Ẍēmālxem* and said that he believed *Nānāɬ* was responsible

2: McIlwraith E-5 (1922-1924) 1948
NE6 Bellacoola NE6
Carrier NE7

for *Ẋ̱ēxwlistī*'s death, that he was sure the wealthy man was really a sorcerer, and had used some evil means to cause the fisherman's drowning. *Ẋ̱ēmālxem* was distantly related to the dead man and, thus incited, determined to kill *Nānāsīl* in revenge. That evening, as he was lying playing with his grandchild, the Carrier chief entered his house and thrust a musket against the unsuspecting man's chest. *Nānāsīl* quickly knocked down the muzzle so that the bullet, instead of killing him, merely passed through the fleshy part of his hips. *Ẋ̱ēmālxem* made no attempt to run away. In such cases it rests with the relatives of the injured man whether or not to take revenge, and they usually avoid beginning a vendetta unless virtually driven to it. News of the assault spread down the valley, and two of *Nānāsīl*'s nephews, *Ẋ̱ā-kmai* and *Oẋmikumẋ*, went up to investigate. They were both men of considerable influence in the community, both validated warriors who had taken prominent parts in the unsuccessful attack on Kitkatla a few years before. Realizing that their uncle was not seriously wounded, the two brothers carried him to their canoe, intending to take him home and to disregard the assault.

During this time, the evil *Nuẋ̱alst* man had been working on *Ẋ̱ēmālxem*'s fears by telling him that *Nānāsīl* was certain to kill him by magical means, until he decided that he could escape only by murdering the wounded man. His followers learnt of this and tried to dissuade him, fearing the presence of the two famous warriors. As their canoe was going downstream, it was caught in an eddy and tipped so that one musket and both cartridge boards were lost. This seemed to *Ẋ̱ēmālxem* the chance for which he had been waiting: he fired from the bank and *Nānāsīl* fell dead, much to the consternation of his own followers as well as the *Nuẋ̱alst* people.

If *Ẋ̱ā-kmai* and *Oẋmikumẋ* had been ordinary men they would probably have fled downstream but, being duly validated men of valour, this course never occurred to them.[14] *Oẋmikumẋ*, who had one charge left in his musket, consulted his brother as to their course of action.

"*Nānāsīl* is dead," his brother replied. "It is probably time for us to die as well. You had better shoot."

Meanwhile *Ẋ̱ēmālxem* had remained on the bank, laughing at the two warriors. *Oẋmikumẋ* told him to be silent, then fired, instantly killing his uncle's murderer. The Carriers began to run to and fro on the shore, whence they could hear the two brothers talking to each other:

"Let us not think of escaping," said one. "We have displayed our characters today. If we are to die, let us die."

[14] The man from whom this account was obtained mentioned as a matter of course that confirmed warriors could never run away; when questioned further, he emphasized that the public validation of bravery made it utterly impossible for them to flee from danger.

2:McIlwraith E-5 (1922-1924) 1948
NE6 Bellacoola NE6
Carrier NE7

The other agreed, so they paddled in and landed at the bottom of the village, heedless of the fact that it was full of Carriers. The *Nuxalk* people seem to have remained passive, but the angry Carriers came rushing forth and *Oẋmihmy* spoke proudly to them:

"You would be dead as your chief if we had not lost our weapons."

The two brothers walked slowly up the long sidewalk of the village, while the Carriers skulked around, uttering threats, casting stones and shooting arrows. Some of the latter stuck in their backs, but long previously both *Ẋa·ẋmai* and *Oẋmihmy* had eaten part of a *tsiaitl* which had rendered their bodies impervious to such wounds. Arrived at the upper end of the village, they stopped and waited, making no attempt to defend themselves, until they were killed. At intervals throughout the day the Carriers treated the two bodies with ignominy, now thrusting spears into them, now beating them, and all this time not a single Bella Coola dared even to protest, so much were they filled with fear of the Carriers who, when roused as they then were, fight like mad dogs. In the late afternoon one of the women thrust a knife into the eyes of the fallen warriors. Even this insult did not rouse the *Nuxalk* people themselves, but *Winâs*, one of their slaves, felt called upon to take action. Before being captured, he had been a person of importance in his own home and the Bella Coola had allowed him to become a leading member of the *kusiut* society; in the course of time he had become entirely reconciled to his fate, and even thought as a Bella Coola which gave him the necessary assurance to address the Carriers.

"*Wa*, wa," he said. "See the breadth of the sky."[1] I have never seen, nor have I even heard of such a thing as you have done today. Truly you have wiped your feet on all that is sacred and powerful."

This speech for the first time brought the enormity of their offence home to the Carriers. The actual taking of life did not affright them, but in their excitement they had overlooked what was to *Winâs* the most obvious sin: they had passed and repassed on the sidewalk outside a house where a *kusiut* dance was taking place. Thus reminded of the danger to which they had exposed themselves, the Carriers withdrew.

Next day the *Nuxalk* people buried the four victims. *Ẋmâlxem* had been a mighty chief and, being distantly related, they would normally have given him an elaborate funeral, but now they acted as if dazed and unaware of his prowess. A man who owned a powerful medicine put some of it in the eyes of the two who had been mutilated by the Carrier woman; as the bodies began to decompose, those who had killed them began to suffer from eye-trouble, and the woman became blind. Believing that their sin had caused their misfortunes, the Carriers fled home.

[1] To call attention in this way to the breadth of the universe carries with it the implication that it will fall to crush those who have broken a sacred law.

2: McIlwraith E-5 (1922-1924) 1948
NE6 Bellacoola NE6
Carrier NE7
Kwakiutl NE10
Bellabella NE5

This account was obtained from a descendant of *Tsä·kmai* and *Qōmōkumg* who emphatically vouched for its accuracy. Some of the incidents have doubtless been exaggerated, but there is probably a basis of truth, though the passivity of the *Nuxalxt* people is difficult to explain. The killing is said to have taken place about seventy years before 1922, so tolerably accurate traditions of it are not impossible. No punishment was meted out to the *Nuxalxt kuksuiut* since the ritual error, the passing of uninitiated outside the house where a ceremony was taking place, was committed by strangers, not by inhabitants of the town itself.

A WAR BETWEEN THE PEOPLE OF BELLA BELLA AND RIVERS INLET

The tribes of the central coast, Bella Coola, Bella Bella, and Rivers Inlet, were frequently engaged with enemies to north or south, but there was seldom serious bloodshed between one another. The following account, however, describes a conflict between the Bella Bella and Rivers Inlet people in which the Bella Coola were not embroiled.

Two favourite foods of the Rivers Inlet people are sockeye salmon which have become soft after spawning, and wild currants, eaten without grease. Their neighbours, the Bella Bella, consider both these articles of diet to be disgusting, although they are fond of raw mussels which the Rivers Inlet people regard as filthy. As already described, it was not uncommon at potlatches of the tribes of the outer coast for the hosts to hold up their guests to ridicule. On one occasion the Bella Bella did so with reference to what they considered the objectionable food of their guests. A masked dancer, representing a stranger, entered the house and the host enquired whence he came.

"Are you from Fort Rupert?" he asked.

"No."

"From Bella Bella?"

"No."

The dancer pointed to the south as if to indicate the next question.

"Are you from Rivers Inlet?"

"Yes."

"What do you eat there?"

Instead of answering verbally, the dancer drew from beneath his cape

2: McIlwraith E-5 (1922-1924) 1948
NE6 Bellacoola NE6

become entangled in the loop when drawn back by the cord attached to the butt. A tug-of-war now takes place, those of each party who have caught the ring endeavouring to pull it to their side of the water. At last one or other is successful, and brings ashore the prize, with the dangling spears of their adversaries. Sometimes a lad with a fine weapon determines to retain possession of it at all costs and is dragged through the pool to the amusement of all.

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TOURNAMENTS

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It is doubtful whether the subject of tournaments should be considered as belonging to mythology, warfare, or games, since it has aspects pertaining to each. Several of the older men affirmed that prior to the introduction of muskets, it was not uncommon for rival villages to stage fights according to definite rules, after full intimation of the attack had been given. This usually followed a period when angry comments had been made, but when the provocation was not sufficient for war. In such a case, the challenging town would notify its rival that on such a date an expedition consisting of, for example, twenty canoes would attack them with stones. Such an announcement could not be disregarded; the inhabitants of the two settlements prepared for action and wagered the large number of valuables essential to all such competitions.

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Many years ago, the Kimsquit people challenged the *ɬstāmɣ* to a tournament of this kind. It was first necessary to choose the contestants. Twenty of the strongest men were selected, each to stand in the bow of a canoe and hold a moose-skin to shield the paddlers behind. To test their endurance, each took his place and the canoes were paddled towards the shore while all the other inhabitants, lined up on the beach, showered stones on them. On this first test, six of the twenty fell beneath the avalanche of projectiles and were accordingly considered too feeble. Their places were taken by six others who were tested the same way the following day, and the same procedure was repeated until the twenty strongest men in all Kimsquit had been found. A certain *Sinugetl* was chosen as

2: McIlwraith E-5 (1922-1924) 1948
NE6 Bellacoola NE6

captain. Meanwhile the *stâmx* people had been carrying out similar tests, so that the picked men of both settlements were ready on the appointed day.

A canoe was sent forward to give final notice of the approaching flotilla so that the twenty canoes from each settlement came together, fully manned and armed. First ten canoes on each side came to blows, the captain of each craft singling out a hostile one and dealing with it alone. The crews threw stones over and around their own bow-man, trying to beat down the moose-skin held up by their rival, or sometimes endeavouring to throw missiles high up into the air on to the heads of their foes. Whenever a bow-man was knocked down, his crew was defenceless and subject to serious injury if they continued the fight. If, however, they abandoned the conflict, the winners made no effort to punish them further, nor did they join in an attack on any other canoe; that each craft had one adversary only was the rule in all tournaments. In this instance, the Kimsquit people were victorious, no less than eighteen of their canoes defeating the craft opposed to them. *Sinuxell* returned home in triumph, singing his war-song, and was received with as much enthusiasm as if he had led a successful raid. Indeed the casualties, consisting chiefly of broken heads, were sometimes almost as serious as on a foray, but no revenge was ever claimed in case of death so caused. Instead of throwing stones by hand, it was sometimes agreed that they were to be cast by slings which made the tournament more dangerous. The warriors never left their canoes, so that hand-to-hand fighting was impossible.

It is probable that tournaments of this nature took place many years ago, although none of the men now living had ever participated in one, and many had never heard of this type of competition. Until relatively recent years, however, heavy moose-skins were held up as protections in the bows of canoes, and men were selected for the task of being pelted with stones in the manner just described.

One other type of game, string figures, was studied rather extensively. These are described in Appendix B.

2: McIlwraith E-5 (1922-1924) 1948
NE6 Bellacoola NE6

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sa·qwa·t: String figure.

Saskwaxuts: Harbour on east side of King Island.

[227] *sdjidji'is:* Movable box-like container which can be raised at a salmon-weir.

Sekakmâ·a: 1—Supernatural herring woman, or perhaps herring head.
2—Carrier murderer living in the last century.

[823] *skilâst:* Rock crystal used in *kusiut* initiation rites.

skimo siâkmkek: River net for salmon.

[822] *Sxixaiâ·ut:* Echo.

Sxexexfâlaix: Supernatural being who advises the supreme god.

Sxexexfwalyalaxalaix, "The Strengthener of the Breathing": One of *Tlitexpilâ·a's* names, and hence a designation given to shamans.

[805] *Siâlxelâx:* Ancestral name created on earth by a *Xenge·ts* man.

Siaqam, "When Herrings Spawn": Third moon after the winter solstice.

[825] *sidâxsu:* One of the river sculpins, the so-called cat-fish.

[805] *Sidakaos di Ano'litwalxaix,* "The Coming of *Ano'litwalxaix*": Fourth moon after the summer solstice.

sisaxla: Servants; the term is used to describe the relationship of the supernatural beings to the supreme god.

[805] *Si'isxalil,* "The Time for Eating Dog Salmon": Second moon after the summer solstice.

Si'isxwai·stl, "The Time for Eating Cohoe Salmon": Third moon after the summer solstice.

[584] *si'itlliuksk:* Presents, given unostentatiously, at the time when a proposal of mar-
[431] riage is broached.

si'ipskam, "The Ability to Walk": Strength or stability as obtained for children by the repurchase of their mother from their father.

[583] *Skami,* "Sits Down": Moon of the winter solstice.

[805] *Skâmi,* "Time for Eating Spring Salmon": Moon of the summer solstice.

Skâkamsak, "Time When Sockeye Salmon Ascend the Rivers": First moon after the summer solstice.

[104] *siki,* "One who Cures": Functionary who protects novices at *kusiut* and *sisaok* rites.

Sikilikmam: Evil supernatural being who acts as executioner for his fellows in the land above.

[805] *Sikuly,* "Time for Making Salmon-Weirs": Fourth moon after the winter solstice.

Sikwalxwlelxs: *Kusiut* name of a Bella Coola man.

Sikwuldjut: Ancestral name of a *Stuie* man.

Siknam: Chief of mythical house in the sky.

[226] *Silias:* Celebrated composer.

silmaq: Salmon-weir.

[827] *sinaxqmo'ax:* *Sisaok* head-dress.

siminits: Breath, or power of being alive, an element in the human body.

[761] *si·nipadjaxsmax:* Hide-and-seek as played by two boys.

Simpkus: Man led astray by a supernatural being in the beginning of time.

[805] *Sinamwak,* "Time for the Use of Olachen Hand-Nets": Fifth moon after the winter solstice.

[726] *Sinulkemitl,* "Where It Spoke": Outpost near mouth of the Kwatna River, occupied to give warning in times of danger.

Sinunukalâkam: Benign supernatural being who causes Cannibals to return from the land above.

2:McIlwraith E-5 (1922-1924) 1948
NE6 Bellacoola NE6

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Wa'a: *Xuxais* woman living in the beginning of time.
wals: Dog.
wawats: Dog, *archaic.*
wa-xsis: Cape of yellow cedar-bark.
waxwaxsis: Brother or sister of grandparent.
Wiakai: One of the first women to settle at *Snaloll* in the beginning of time.
Wiaqaik: 1—One of the first men to settle at *Tâl-is* in the beginning of time.
2—One of the first men to settle at *Staax* in the beginning of time.
Wikwaxwula: Synonym for *Kwala:* Influential Kwakiutl woman captured in the beginning of time by a *Nuxalxt* chief.
Wikwauatl: Kimsquit hunter mentioned in an ancient story.
wina, wacatic, winoo: War-party.
Winâs: Slave living at *Nuxalxt* several generations ago.
winâs di qaik, "War-Party of the Ocean," or ***winâs di xa-ildjo-ts,*** "War-Party of the Tides": Supernatural being.
Winwina: Supernatural being who captured birds and fish for the benefit of mankind.
Winwinhwal: Supernatural being, perhaps identified with one of the warm winds.
winats: Assistance rendered by the inhabitants of a town to a neighbouring settlement being attacked.
Wipitpawakis: Bella Bella chief living in the beginning of time.
Wiyamkilak: *Smoaan's* daughter-in-law in the beginning of time.
Wi'itlaa: Ancestral name of a Kimsquit man.
Wiwalks: *Xuaek* name of a Kimsquit man.
Wiwat: Man who travelled to the Skeena River in the beginning of time.
Wixoo: One of the first men to settle at Schooner Pass in the beginning of time.
wi'wa: *Kuxiut* dance in which the nine supernatural siblings are summoned to earth.
Wiy: One of the first women to settle at Schooner Pass in the beginning of time.
Wiz: One of Raven's female Crow relatives.
wiy: Cripple.

X

Xaiapalxl: Ancestral name of a *Tâl-is* man.
Xaigis: Stream entering the Bella Coola from the north near *Nuskus.*
Xai-ut: Continuous North Wind, anthropomorphized.
xak'lai-: Cry raised as each of the first spring salmon is brought ashore.
Xalaiya: Step-daughter of Raven in the beginning of time.
xapants: Great blue heron.
Xas: Designation of a tribe, probably a branch of the Carriers, dwelling far to the south-east of the Bella Coola.
xâxaf: Canada goose.
xal-a: Root of *qaymats,* an unidentified plant.
Xelalus: *Kuxiut* name of a Bella Coola Cannibal.
Xelwatsaw-a: Man mentioned in an ancient story.
Xelimal: *Kuxiut* name of a Bella Coola woman.
xem: The successive rising of the sun from day to day. This word, which is common in derivatives, appears usually to be pronounced *gem* after *s.*
Xemcus: 1—One of the nine supernatural siblings.
2—One of the first men to settle on the Dean River in the beginning of time.
3—One of the first men to settle at *Snaloli* in the beginning of time.

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By laying their hands on the nape of a person they are able to tell whether his soul is present or whether it has left the body. If the soul should become weak they are able to restore it to its former vigour. If a person swoons it is believed that his soul has flown away without breaking its shell. The shaman hears its buzzing wings, which give a sound like those of a mosquito. He may catch and replace it in the nape of its owner. If the soul leaves the body without breaking its shell the owner becomes crazy.

The art of shamanism is bestowed by Sōq. It is impossible to obtain it by means of fasting and praying, as is the case among the neighbouring tribes, but it is a free gift from the deity. A person who is to become a shaman will fall sick, and, during his illness, Sōq will give him a song which must be kept a deep secret. After this he is able to cure diseases. If a person falsely pretends to have received the gift of shamanism, and tries to suck out diseases from a patient, he will fall sick himself.

When asked more closely about the curious difference between this method of obtaining the power and that of the neighbouring tribes my informant said: 'When an Awiky'ē'noq wishes to become a shaman he may go to the mountain where the deity of their shamans resides (probably Mā'tem) who will initiate him. No Bilqula can obtain the art in such a way.'

Sickness is caused by a disease entering the body or by witchcraft (see p. 417). The shaman is able to extract the disease by sucking. A peculiar method of witchcraft, somewhat similar to the 'ek-'a-' of the Kwakiutl (see Sixth Report of the Committee, p. 612), was described to me as follows: The person who wants to bewitch his enemy endeavours to obtain some of his old clothing, portions soaked by perspiration being considered especially effective. After it is obtained a wolf is killed, and the clothing is put into its mouth, which is then tied up. Then the wolf is placed in a box. This procedure is called *xmk*. Sometimes the clothing or some hair is inclosed in the bone of a wolf or of a dead person. No shaman can counteract these charms.

If a person has been murdered, and a string is tied firmly around the neck of the corpse, the murderer's neck will become diseased and he will be unable to breathe and will die. If sand is strewn in the corpse's eyes and the lids closed over it the murderer will die. If a person has been killed with a knife or arrow, or another weapon, to which some of his blood adheres, the latter is brought into contact with a wolf's head, dog's hair, or anything else that is bad, and then thrown into the fire or put into a frog's or snake's mouth; then the murderer will die.

I add here a few current beliefs:—

Sneezing indicates that people are talking about one.

Slight ringing of the ears indicates rain, loud ringing good weather.

Twitching of the muscles of the left side of the body is unlucky; of the right side lucky. Twitching of the skin under the eyes indicates that one will cry.

If a dog dreams and howls in its sleep its owner will die.

The breaking of a box without an apparent cause is unlucky.

WARS.

When a war party was organised the warriors did not paint their faces, but they put on headbands of white cedar-bark and strewed their

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726 hair with white eagle-down. Warriors when on a war party must not
[714] drink more than four mouthfuls of water, else they would be killed. A
watchman was appointed in each canoe, who sat in the bow. On landing
[297] near the village of their enemies they divided themselves into a number
of parties, one house of the village being assigned to each. Then, early
in the morning, when all were asleep, they rushed up to the village uttering their war cry 'hai!' They took a stand at the fire which burns
in the centre of the house, and if any one of the enemies succeeded in
taking up his arms and came out of his bedroom they killed him. Then
727 they entered the bedrooms, killed the men, and took the women and children
along as slaves. The heads of the dead were cut off, the houses burnt,
and they returned home singing war-songs. The heads which they had
taken along were then scalped, and the scalps tied to each end of a pole.
When they approached their village one man stood up in the bow of each
canoe and swang the pole to which the scalps were attached, and they all
sang songs, in which their deeds were recounted. The scalps were
valued the higher the longer and fuller the hair. They were used in the
Sisan'kH.

648 The following tales of war expeditions offer some points of interest.
726 About thirty or forty years ago there was a famine at Bella Coola. The
people went overland to Knight Inlet, which belongs to the Tenaqtaq, a
[731] tribe of the Kwakiutl, to fish there. The Tenaqtaq made fun of them,
took from them the fish they caught, tore the blankets from the backs of
the women, and seduced many of them. Finally the Bilqula returned
home. There they held a council and resolved to make war upon the
Tenaqtaq. The Tinneh joined them in this expedition. They crossed the
mountains in four days. When they approached Knight Inlet they sent
two spies in advance, who were to count the number of houses in the
village of the Tenaqtaq. Early in the morning they attacked the houses
and killed a great many men. The Tenaqtaq could not escape, as they
were hemmed in by the river. The Bilqula slew them with knives,
lances, and stone axes. They took away the clothes of the women,
leaving them naked, and subjected them to shameful insults in revenge
for the disgrace put upon their wives and daughters. Then they burnt
the village.

About thirty-five years ago the Talio'mH were attacked by the
Kwakiutl. Originally they intended to attack Nuqa'lkH, but the raven,
according to the narrator, changed their mind, as he always protects the
village of Nuqa'lkH. They came in many canoes, while most of the
Talio'mH were at the lake, which is situated above that town, fishing.
Four men were in charge of the village, and a number of old men and
women had also remained at home. The father of Nusk'ɛlu'sta, who told
me of these events, happened to be out picking berries, accompanied by
his wife. He saw the canoes passing by and kept himself hidden. The
[712] village of Talio was at that time surrounded by a strong stockade, which
consisted of a double row of palisades crowned with thorns. At each
corner there was a strong box fastened on the stockade like a tower.
Here watchmen were stationed, who were able to shoot at the enemy
while being themselves protected. At that time the Talio'mH had only
four guns. The Kwakiutl sent out two spies, who reported that the
village was well fortified. The Talio'mH had seen the canoes coming and
were on their guard. The Kwakiutl thought that they would not be
able to enter the village until after the stockade had been destroyed.

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They resolved to make an attempt to burn it and to break open the door. On the following day they came up to the village, but the guard on the towers used their guns to such good effect that the enemy had to retreat with severe losses. They made still another attempt, but with no better success. They had lost many men, while only two old men of the Talio'mH, Tumhi'akyas and A'lk·ins by name, and one woman had been hurt. The latter had been killed. When the Kwakiutl turned back a messenger was at once sent up to the lake to call the young men, who then went to Nuqa'lkH to ask for help. The Kwakiutl passed close to Nusk'slu'sta's father's canoe, but they were so terrified by the losses they had sustained that they passed by without so much as noticing it. Two of their number were so ashamed of their defeat that they would rather remain in the enemy's country than return with their friends, and they stayed ashore. Meanwhile the Talio'mH and the Bilqula were pursuing the fugitives. They had reached the outlet of Bentinck Arm without overtaking them. Then their chiefs resolved to return, as they believed that their enemies had a long start upon them. Later on they learnt that the Kwakiutl were at that moment only a few miles from them, about to continue their homeward journey, after having encamped at the outlet of the channel. Afterwards the Talio'mH found the two men who had remained ashore. They called them and promised to send them back to their friends, saying that the war had ended, and that they had no grudge against them. The men were, however, too much afraid, and finally starved to death.

Later on the Talio'mH and Bilqula organised an expedition against the Kwakiutl to take revenge for the unprovoked attack. A chief named Koani'la, whose father was a Talio'mH, while his mother was a Kwakiutl, was their leader. They intended to attack the Lē'kwiltok· and the Kwē'k·sōt'ēnoq. When they approached the village of the latter they sent a canoe ahead to search for the village, and to report the number of houses. For two days they were unable to find the village, which lies in a labyrinth of islands; but finally they found it, and saw that it consisted of sixteen houses. On the next morning they attacked it. The tribe was wholly taken by surprise and almost all of them were killed. Koani'la's mother lived at this place, and when she heard the Bilqula coming she asked at once for her son, and was taken care of by him. Only five men and four women escaped. The Bilqula allowed these to run away, as they had killed as many as they desired. AnukmI'taem, a chief of the SzaqtlE'mh, was the only man of the Bilqula who was wounded. He died on the way home. They returned, but in the country of the Nā'koartok· they were overtaken by four Kwakiutl canoes which pursued them. The Bilqula were victorious, but Koani'la induced them to desist. During the fight two of the women, whom they had taken as slaves, and one boy jumped overboard, and were rescued by the Kwakiutl.

MEDICINE.

Boils are treated by cauterisation with dry bark or with gunpowder. Sometimes a series of parallel cuts is made over swellings or boils. Fractured bones are set, and fastened between splints of cedar-bark.

Enemata of shark oil or olachen oil are given by means of a kelp tube, with a mouthpiece made of the wing-bone of an eagle. Snake poison is collected and used as a poison. Women wear tight anklets to prevent